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THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE:

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

Written in

IMITATION *of* SPENSER.

By

JAMES THOMSON.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, over againſt *Catherine-ſtreet*, in the *Strand*.

M DCC XLVIII.

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THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The Caſtle hight of Indolence,
And its falſe Luxury;
Where for a little Time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O Mortal Man, who liveſt here by Toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard Eſtate;
That like an Emmet thou muſt ever moil,
Is a ſad Sentence of an ancient Date:
And, certes, there is for it Reaſon great;
For, though ſometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curſe thy Star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten That would come an heavier Bale,
Looſe Life, unruly Paſſions, and Diſeaſes pale.

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II.

In lowly Dale, faſt by a River's Side,
With woody Hill o'er Hill encompaſs'd round,
A moſt enchanting Wizard did abide,
Than whom a Fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely Spot of Ground;
And there a Seaſon atween June and May,
Half prankt with Spring, with Summer half imbrown'd,
A liſtleſs Climate made, where, Sooth to ſay,
No living Wight could work, ne cared even for Play.

III.

Was nought around but Images of Reſt:
Sleep-ſoothing Groves, and quiet Lawns between;
And flowery Beds that ſlumbrous Influence keſt,
From Poppies breath'd; and Beds of pleaſant Green,
Where never yet was creeping Creature ſeen.
Mean time unnumber'd glittering Streamlets play'd,
And hurled every-where their Waters ſheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the ſunny Glade,
Though reſtleſs ſtill themſelves, a lulling Murmur made:

IV.

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IV.

Join'd to the Prattle of the purling Rills,
Were heard the lowing Herds along the Vale,
And Flocks loud-bleating from the diſtant Hills,
And vacant Shepherds piping in the Dale;
And now and then ſweet Philomel would wail,
Or Stock-Doves plain amid the Foreſt deep,
That drowſy ruſtled to the ſighing Gale;
And ſtill a Coil the Graſhopper did keep:
Yet all theſe Sounds yblent inclined all to Sleep.

V.

Full in the Paſſage of the Vale, above,
A ſable, ſilent, ſolemn Foreſt ſtood;
Where nought but ſhadowy Forms were ſeen to move,
As *Idleſs* fancy'd in her dreaming Mood.
And up the Hills, on either Side, a Wood
Of blackening Pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a ſleepy Horror through the Blood;
And where this Valley winded out, below,
The murmuring Main was heard, and ſcarcely heard, to flow.

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VI.

A pleaſing Land of Drowſy-hed it was:
Of Dreams that wave before the half-ſhut Eye;
And of gay Caſtles in the Clouds that paſs,
For ever flushing round a Summer-Sky:
There eke the ſoft Delights, that witchingly
Inſtil a wanton Sweetneſs through the Breaſt,
And the calm Pleaſures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er ſmack'd of Noyance, or Unreſt,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious Neſt.

VII.

The Landſkip ſuch, inſpiring perfect Eaſe,
Where INDOLENCE (for ſo the Wizard hight)
Cloſe-hid his Caſtle mid embowering Trees,
That half ſhut out the Beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a Kind of checker'd Day and Night.
Mean while, unceaſing at the maſſy Gate,
Beneath a ſpacious Palm, the wicked Wight
Was plac'd; and to his Lute, of cruel Fate,
And Labour harſh, complain'd, lamenting Man's Eſtate.

VIII.

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VIII.

Thither continual Pilgrims crouded ſtill,
From all the Roads of Earth that paſs there by:
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring Hill,
The Freſhneſs of this Valley ſmote their Eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh,
'Till cluſtering round th'Enchanter falſe they hung,
Ymolten with his Syren Melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling Lute his Hand he flung,
And to the trembling Chords theſe tempting Verſes ſung:

IX.

" Behold! ye Pilgrims of this Earth, behold!
" See all but Man with unearn'd Pleaſure gay.
" See her bright Robes the Butterfly unfold,
" Broke from her wintry Tomb in Prime of May.
" What youthful Bride can equal her Array?
" Who can with Her for eaſy Pleaſure vie?
" From Mead to Mead with gentle Wing to ſtray,
" From Flower to Flower on balmy Gales to fly,
" Is all ſhe has to do beneath the radiant Sky.

X.

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X.

" Behold the merry Minſtrels of the Morn,
" The ſwarming Songſters of the careleſs Grove,
" Ten thouſand Throats! that, from the flowering Thorn,
" Hymn their Good GOD, and carol ſweet of Love,
" Such grateful kindly Raptures them emove:
" They neither plough, nor ſow; ne, fit for Flail,
" E'er to the Barn the nodding Sheaves they drove;
" Yet theirs each Harveſt dancing in the Gale,
" Whatever crowns the Hill, or ſmiles along the Vale.

XI.

" Outcaſt of Nature, Man! the wretched Thrall
" Of bitter-dropping Sweat, of ſweltry Pain,
" Of Cares that eat away thy Heart with Gall,
" And of the Vices, an inhuman Train,
" That all proceed from ſavage Thirſt of Gain:
" For when hard-hearted *Intereſt* firſt began
" To poiſon Earth, *Aſtræa* left the Plain;
" Guile, Violence, and Murder ſeiz'd on Man;
" And, for ſoft milky Streams, with Blood the Rivers ran.

XII.

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XII.

" Come, ye, who ſtill the cumbrous Load of Life
" Puſh hard up Hill; but as the fartheſt Steep
" You truſt to gain, and put an End to Strife,
" Down thunders back the Stone with mighty Sweep,
" And hurls your Labours to the Valley deep,
" For-ever vain: come, and, withouten Fee,
" I in Oblivion will your Sorrows ſteep,
" Your Cares, your Toils, will ſteep you in a Sea
" Of full Delight: O come, ye weary Wights, to me!

XIII.

" With me, you need not riſe at early Dawn,
" To paſs the joyleſs Day in various Stounds:
" Or, louting low, on upſtart Fortune fawn,
" And ſell fair Honour for ſome paltry Pounds;
" Or through the City take your dirty Rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lye, and Viſit pay,
" Now flattering baſe, now giving ſecret Wounds;
" Or proul in Courts of Law for human Prey,
" In venal Senate thieve, or rob on broad High-way.

XIV.

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XIV.

" No Cocks, with me, to ruſtic Labour call,
" From Village on to Village ſounding clear;
" To tardy Swain no ſhrill-voic'd Matrons ſquall;
" No Dogs, no Babes, no Wives, to ſtun your Ear;
" No Hammers thump; no horrid Blackſmith ſear,
" Ne noiſy Tradeſman your ſweet Slumbers ſtart,
" With Sounds that are a Miſery to hear:
" But all is calm, as would delight the Heart
" Of *Sybarite* of old, all Nature, and all Art.

XV.

" Here nought but Candour reigns, indulgent Eaſe,
" Good-natur'd Lounging, Sauntering up and down:
" They who are pleas'd themſelves muſt always pleaſe;
" On Others' Ways they never ſquint a Frown,
" Nor heed what haps in Hamlet or in Town.
" Thus, from the Source of tender Indolence,
" With milky Blood the Heart is overflown,
" Is ſooth'd and ſweeten'd by the ſocial Senſe;
" For Intereſt, Envy, Pride, and Strife are baniſh'd hence.

XVI.

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XVI.

" What, what, is Virtue, but Repoſe of Mind?
" A pure ethereal Calm! that knows no Storm;
" Above the Reach of wild Ambition's Wind,
" Above thoſe Paſſions that this World deform,
" And torture Man, a proud malignant Worm!
" But here, inſtead, ſoft Gales of Paſſion play,
" And gently ſtir the Heart, thereby to form
" A quicker Senſe of Joy; as Breezes ſtray
" Acroſs th' enliven'd Skies, and make them ſtill more gay.

XVII.

" The Beſt of Men have ever lov'd Repoſe:
" They hate to mingle in the filthy Fray;
" Where the Soul ſowrs, and gradual Rancour grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peeviſh Day to Day.
" Even Thoſe whom Fame has lent her faireſt Ray,
" The moſt renown'd of worthy Wights of Yore,
" From a baſe World at laſt have ſtolen away:
" So SCIPIO, to the ſoft *Cumæan* Shore
" Retiring, taſted Joy he never knew before.

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XVIII.

" But if a little Exercise you chuse,
" Some Zest for Ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
" Amid the Groves you may indulge the Muse,
" Or tend the Blooms, and deck the vernal Year;
" Or softly stealing, with your watry Gear,
" Along the Brooks, the crimson-spotted Fry
" You may delude: The whilst, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarse Stream, and now the Zephir's Sigh,
" Attuned to the Birds, and woodland Melody.

XIX.

" O grievous Folly! to heap up Estate,
" Losing the Days you see beneath the Sun;
" When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
" And gives th' untasted Portion you have won,
" With ruthless Toil, and many a Wretch undone,
" To Those who mock you gone to *Pluto*'s Reign,
" There with sad Ghosts to pine, and Shadows dun:
" But sure it is of Vanities most vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

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XX.

He ceas'd. But ſtill their trembling Ears retain'd
The deep Vibrations of his witching Song;
That, by a Kind of Magic Power, conſtrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the liſtening Throng.
Heaps pour'd on Heaps, and yet they ſlip'd along
In ſilent Eaſe: as when beneath the Beam
Of Summer-Moons, the diſtant Woods among,
Or by ſome Flood all ſilver'd with the Gleam,
The ſoft-embodied Fays through airy Portal ſtream.

XXI.

By the ſmooth Demon ſo it order'd was,
And here his baneful Bounty firſt began:
Though ſome there were who would not further paſs,
And his alluring Baits ſuſpected han.
The Wiſe diſtruſt the too fair-ſpoken Man.
Yet through the Gate they caſt a wiſhful Eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very Beſt they cannot fly,
But often each Way look, and often ſorely ſigh.

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XXII.

When this the watchful wicked Wizard ſaw,
With ſudden Spring he leap'd upon them ſtrait;
And ſoon as touch'd by his unhallow'd Paw,
They found themſelves within the curſed Gate;
Full hard to be repaſs'd, like That of Fate.
Not ſtronger were of old the Giant-Crew,
Who fought to pull high *Jove* from regal State;
Though feeble Wretch he ſeem'd, of ſallow Hue:
Certes, who bides his Graſp, will that Encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomſoe'er the Villain takes in Hand,
Their Joints unknit, their Sinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any Willow-Wand,
And of their vaniſh'd Force remains no Trace:
So when a Maiden fair, of modeſt Grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of Charms,
Is ſeized in ſome Loſel's hot Embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as ſhe warms,
Then ſighing yields Her up to Love's delicious Harms.

XXIV.

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XXIV.

Wak'd by the Croud, ſlow from his Bench aroſe
A comely full-ſpred Porter, ſwoln with Sleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtleſs Aſpect breath'd Repoſe;
And in ſweet Torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himſelf from ceaſeleſs Yawning keep;
While o'er his Eyes the drowſy Liquor ran,
Through which his half-wak'd Soul would faintly peep.
Then taking his black Staff he call'd his Man,
And rous'd himſelf as much as rouſe himſelf he can.

XXV.

The Lad leap'd lightly at his Maſter's Call.
He was, to weet, a little roguiſh Page,
Save Sleep and Play who minded nought at all,
Like moſt the untaught Striplings of his Age.
This Boy he kept each Band to diſengage,
Garters and Buckles, Task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave Perſonage,
And which his portly Paunch would not permit,
So this ſame limber Page to All performed It.

XXVI.

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XXVI.

Mean time the Maſter-Porter wide diſplay'd
Great Store of Caps, of Slippers, and of Gowns;
Wherewith he Thoſe who enter'd in, array'd;
Looſe, as the Breeze that plays along the Downs,
And waves the Summer-Woods when Evening frowns.
O fair Undreſs, beſt Dreſs! it checks no Vein,
But every flowing Limb in Pleaſure drowns,
And heightens Eaſe with Grace. This done, right fain,
Sir Porter ſat him down, and turn'd to Sleep again.

XXVII.

Thus eaſy-rob'd, they to the Fountain ſped,
That in the Middle of the Court up-threw
A Stream, high-ſpouting from its liquid Bed,
And falling back again in drizzly Dew:
There Each deep Draughts, as deep he thirſted, drew.
It was a Fountain of *Nepenthe* rare:
Whence, as Dan HOMER ſings, huge Pleaſaunce grew,
And ſweet Oblivion of vile earthly Care;
Fair gladſome waking Thoughts, and joyous Dreams more fair.

XXVIII.

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XXVIII.

This Rite perform'd, All inly pleas'd and ſtill,
Withouten Tromp, was Proclamation made.
" Ye Sons of INDOLENCE, do what you will;
" And wander where you liſt, through Hall or Glade:
" Be no Man's Pleaſure for another's ſtaid;
" Let Each as likes him beſt his Hours employ,
" And curs'd be he who minds his Neighbour's Trade!
" Here dwells kind Eaſe and unreproving Joy:
" He little merits Bliſs who Others can annoy.

XXIX.

Strait of theſe endleſs Numbers, ſwarming round,
As thick as idle Motes in ſunny Ray,
Not one eſtſoons in View was to be found,
But every Man ſtroll'd off his own glad Way.
Wide o'er this ample Court's blank Area,
With all the Lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living Creature could be ſeen to ſtray;
While Solitude, and perfect Silence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almoſt was conſtrain'd.

XXX.

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XXX.

As when a Shepherd of the * *Hebrid-Iſles*,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy Main,
(Whether it be lone Fancy him beguiles;
Or that aerial Beings ſometimes deign
To ſtand, embodied, to our Senſes plain)
Sees on the naked Hill, or Valley low,
The whilſt in Ocean *Phœbus* dips his Wain,
A vaſt Aſſembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in Air diſſolves the wondrous Show.

XXXI.

Ye Gods of Quiet, and of Sleep profound!
Whoſe ſoft Dominion o'er this Caſtle ſways,
And all the widely-ſilent Places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling Pen diſplays
What never yet was ſung in mortal Lays.
But how ſhall I attempt ſuch arduous String?
I who have ſpent my Nights and nightly Days,
In this Soul-deadening Place, looſe-loitering?
Ah! how ſhall I for this uprear my moulted Wing?

XXXII.

* *Thoſe Iſlands on the weſtern Coaſt of* Scotland *called the* Hebrides.

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XXXII.

Come on, my Muſe, nor ſtoop to low Deſpair,
Thou Imp of *Jove*, touch'd by celeſtial Fire!
Thou yet ſhalt ſing of War, and Actions fair,
Which the bold Sons of BRITAIN will inſpire;
Of ancient Bards thou yet ſhalt ſweep the Lyre;
Thou yet ſhalt tread in Tragic Pall the Stage,
Paint Love's enchanting Woes, the Heroe's Ire,
The Sage's Calm, the Patriot's noble Rage,
Daſhing Corruption down through every worthleſs Age.

XXXIII.

The Doors, that knew no ſhrill alarming Bell,
Ne curſed Knocker ply'd by Villain's Hand,
Self-open'd into Halls, where, who can tell
What Elegance and Grandeur wide expand
The Pride of *Turkey* and of *Perſia* Land?
Soft Quilts on Quilts, on Carpets Carpets ſpread,
And Couches ſtretch around in ſeemly Band;
And endleſs Pillows riſe to prop the Head;
So that each ſpacious Room was one full-ſwelling Bed.

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XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd Tables ſtood,
With Wines high-flavour'd and rich Viands crown'd;
Whatever ſprightly Juice or taſteful Food
On the green Boſom of this Earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his Round:
Some Hand unſeen Theſe ſilently diſplay'd,
Even undemanded, by a Sign or Sound;
You need but wiſh, and, inſtantly obey'd,
Fair-rang'd the Diſhes roſe, and thick the Glaſſes play'd.

XXXV.

Here Freedom reign'd, without the leaſt Alloy;
Nor Goſſip's Tale, nor ancient Maiden's Gall,
Nor ſaintly Spleen durſt murmur at our Joy,
And with envenom'd Tongue our Pleaſures pall.
For why? There was but One great Rule for All;
To wit, That each ſhould work his own Deſire,
And eat, drink, ſtudy, ſleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the Time in Love, or wake the Lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muſes might inſpire.

XXXVI.

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XXXVI.

The Rooms with coſtly Tapeſtry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle Tale;
Such as of old the rural Poets ſung,
Or of *Arcadian* or *Sicilian* Vale:
Reclining Lovers, in the lonely Dale,
Pour'd forth at large the ſweetly-tortur'd Heart;
Or, looking tender Paſſion, ſwell'd the Gale,
And taught charm'd Echo to reſound their Smart;
While Flocks, Woods, Streams, around, Repoſe and Peace impart.

XXXVII.

Thoſe pleas'd the moſt, where, by a cunning Hand,
Depainted was the Patriarchal Age;
What Time Dan *Abraham* left the *Chaldee* Land,
And paſtur'd on from verdant Stage to Stage,
Where Fields and Fountains freſh could beſt engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they Heed,
But with wild Beaſts the ſilvan War to wage,
And o'er vaſt Plains their Herds and Flocks to feed:
Bleſt Sons of Nature they! True Golden Age indeed!

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XXXVIII.

Sometimes the Pencil, in cool airy Halls,
Bade the gay Bloom of Vernal Landſkips riſe,
Or Autumn's varied Shades imbrown the Walls:
Now the black Tempeſt ſtrikes the aſtoniſh'd Eyes;
Now down the Steep the flaſhing Torrent flies;
The trembling Sun now plays o'er Ocean blue,
And now rude Mountains frown amid the Skies;
Whate'er *Lorrain* light-touch'd with ſoftening Hue,
Or ſavage *Roſa* daſh'd, or learned *Pouſſin* drew.

XXXIX.

Each Sound too here to Languiſhment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak Boſom, and induced Eaſe.
Aerial Muſic in the warbling Wind,
At Diſtance riſing oft, by ſmall Degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the Trees
It hung, and breath'd ſuch Soul-diſſolving Airs,
As did, alas! with ſoft Perdition pleaſe:
Entangled deep in its enchanting Snares,
The liſtening Heart forgot all Duties and all Cares.

XL.

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XL.

A certain Muſick, never known before,
Here lull'd the penſive melancholy Mind;
Full eaſily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But ſidelong, to the gently-waving Wind,
To lay the well-tun'd Inſtrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying Fingers light,
Beyond each mortal Touch the moſt refin'd,
The God of Winds drew Sounds of deep Delight:
Whence, with juſt Cauſe,* *The Harp of Æolus* it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what Hand can touch the Strings ſo fine?
Who up the lofty Diapaſan roll
Such ſweet, ſuch ſad, ſuch ſolemn Airs divine,
Then let them down again into the Soul?
Now riſing Love they fan'd; now pleaſing Dole
They breath'd, in tender Muſings, through the Heart;
And now a graver ſacred Strain they ſtole,
As when Seraphic Hands an Hymn impart:
Wild warbling Nature all, above the Reach of Art!

* *This is not an Imagination of the Author; there being in fact ſuch an Inſtrument, called* Æolus's Harp, *which, when placed againſt a little Ruſhing or Current of Air, produces the Effect here deſcribed.*

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XLII.

Such the gay Splendor, the luxurious State,
Of *Caliphs* old, who on the *Tygris'* Shore,
In mighty *Bagdat*, populous and great,
Held their bright Court, where was of Ladies ſtore;
And Verſe, Love, Muſic ſtill the Garland wore:
When Sleep was coy,* the Bard, in Waiting there,
Chear'd the lone Midnight with the Muſe's Lore;
Compoſing Muſic bade his Dreams be fair,
And Muſic lent new Gladneſs to the Morning Air.

XLIII.

Near the Pavilions where we ſlept, ſtill ran
Soft-tinkling Streams, and daſhing Waters fell,
And ſobbing Breezes ſigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the Wizard) wintry Storms to ſwell,
As Heaven and Earth they would together mell:
At Doors and Windows, threatening, ſeem'd to call
The Demons of the Tempeſt, growling fell,
Yet the leaſt Entrance found they none at all;
Whence ſweeter grew our Sleep, ſecure in maſſy Hall.

* *The* Arabian Caliphs *had Poets among the Officers of their Court, whoſe Office it was to do what is here mentioned.*

XLIV.

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XLIV.

And hither *Morpheus* ſent his kindeſt Dreams,
Raiſing a World of gayer Tinct and Grace;
O'er which were ſhadowy caſt Elyſian Gleams,
That play'd, in waving Lights, from Place to Place,
And ſhed a roſeate Smile on Nature's Face.
Not *Titian*'s Pencil e'er could ſo array,
So fleece with Clouds the pure Etherial Space;
Ne could it e'er ſuch melting Forms diſplay,
As looſe on flowery Beds all languiſhingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair Illuſions! artful Phantoms, no!
My Muſe will not attempt your Fairy-Land:
She has no Colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid Scenes too groſs her Hand.
But ſure it is, was ne'er a ſubtler Band
Than theſe ſame guileful Angel-ſeeming Sprights,
Who thus in Dreams, voluptuous, ſoft, and bland,
Pour'd all th'*Arabian Heaven* upon our Nights,
And bleſs'd them oft beſides with more refin'd Delights.

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XLVI.

They were in Sooth a moſt enchanting Train,
Even feigning Virtue; ſkilful to unite
With Evil Good, and ſtrew with Pleaſure Pain.
But for thoſe Fiends, whom Blood and Broils delight;
Who hurl the Wretch, as if to Hell outright,
Down down black Gulphs, where ſullen Waters ſleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful Night
On beetling Cliffs, or pent in Ruins deep:
They, till due Time ſhould ſerve, were bid far hence to keep.

XLVII.

Ye Guardian Spirits, to whom Man is dear,
From theſe foul Demons ſhield the Midnight Gloom!
Angels of Fancy and of Love, be near,
And o'er the Blank of Sleep diffuſe a Bloom!
Evoke the ſacred Shades of *Greece* and *Rome*,
And let them Virtue with a Look impart!
But chief, a while o lend us from the Tomb
Thoſe long-loſt Friends for whom in Love we ſmart,
And fill with pious Awe and Joy-mixt Woe the Heart.

XLVIII.

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XLVIII.

Or are you ſportive——Bid the Morn of Youth
Riſe to new Light, and beam afreſh the Days
Of Innocence, Simplicity, and Truth;
To Cares eſtrang'd, and Manhood's thorny Ways.
What Tranſport! To retrace our boyiſh Plays,
Our eaſy Bliſs, when each Thing Joy ſupply'd:
The Woods, the Mountains, and the warbling Maze
Of the wild Brooks—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muſe, reſume the Taſk that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great Amuſement of our Houſhold was,
In a huge cryſtal magic Globe to ſpy,
Still as you turn'd it, all Things that do paſs
Upon this Ant-Hill Earth; where conſtantly
Of idly-buſy Men the reſtleſs Fry
Run buſtling too and fro with fooliſh Haſte,
In ſearch of Pleaſures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the Caitiffs dare not taſte:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater Waſte?

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L.

Of Vanity the Mirror This was call'd.
Here you a Muckworm of the Town might ſee,
At his dull Deſk, amid his Legers ſtall'd,
Eat up with carking Care and Penurie;
Moſt like to Carcaſe parch'd on Gallow-Tree.
A Penny ſaved is a Penny got:
Firm to this ſcoundrel Maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its Rigour will he bate a Jot,
Till it has quench'd his Fire, and baniſhed his Pot.

LI.

Strait from the Filth of this low Grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy ſpendthrift Heir,
All gloſſy gay, enamel'd all with Gold,
The ſilly Tenant of the Summer-Air.
In Folly loſt, of Nothing takes he Care;
Pimps, Lawyers, Stewards, Harlots, Flatterers vile,
And thieving Tradeſmen him among them ſhare:
His Father's Ghoſt from Limbo-Lake, the while,
Sees This, which more Damnation does upon him pile.

LII.

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LII.

This Globe pourtray'd the Race of learned Men,
Still at their Books, and turning o'er the Page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they ſnatch the Pen,
As if inſpir'd, and in a *Theſpian* Rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your Ruth engage.
Why, Auhors, all this Scrawl and Scribbling ſore?
To loſe the preſent, gain the future Age,
Praiſed to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with Fame when uſeleſs worldly Store.

LIII.

Then would a ſplendid City riſe to View,
With Carts, and Cars, and Coaches roaring all:
Wide-pour'd abroad behold the prowling Crew;
See! how they daſh along from Wall to Wall;
At every Door, hark! how they thundering call.
Good Lord! what can this giddy Rout excite?
Why? On each other with fell Tooth to fall;
A Neighbour's Fortune, Fame, or Peace, to blight,
And make new tireſome Parties for the coming Night.

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LIV.

The puzzling Sons of Party next appear'd,
In dark Cabals and nightly Juntos met;
And now they whiſper'd cloſe, new ſhrugging rear'd
Th' important Shoulder; then, as if to get
New Light, their twinkling Eyes were inward ſet.
No ſooner * *Lucifer* recalls Affairs,
Than forth they various ruſh in mighty Fret;
When lo! puſh'd up to Power, and crown'd their Cares,
In comes another Set, and kicketh them down Stairs.

LV.

But what moſt ſhew'd the Vanity of Life,
Was to behold the Nations all on Fire,
In cruel Broils engag'd, and deadly Strife;
Moſt Chriſtian Kings, inflam'd by black Deſire,
With Honourable Ruffians in their Hire,
Cauſe War to rage, and Blood around to pour:
Of this ſad Work when Each begins to tire,
They ſit them down juſt where they were before,
Till for new Scenes of Woe Peace ſhall their Force reſtore.

* *The Morning Star.*

LVI.

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LVI.

To number up the Thouſands dwelling here,
An uſeleſs were, and eke an endleſs Taſk:
From Kings, and Thoſe who at the Helm appear,
To Gipſies brown in Summer-Glades who baſk.
Yea many a Man perdie I could unmaſk,
Whoſe Deſk and Table make a ſolemn Show,
With Tape-ty'd Traſh, and Suits of Fools that aſk
For Place or Penſion, laid in decent Row;
But Theſe I paſſen by, with nameleſs Numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle Tenants of the Place,
There was a Man of ſpecial grave Remark:
A certain tender Gloom o'erſpread his Face,
Penſive not ſad, in Thought involv'd not dark,
As ſoot this Man could ſing as Morning-Lark,
And teach the nobleſt Morals of the Heart:
But Theſe his Talents were ybury'd ſtark;
Of the fine Stores he Nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or Nature-painting Art.

LVIII.

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LVIII.

To Noontide Shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the Brook with Sleep-inviting Sound;
Or when Dan *Sol* to ſlope his Wheels began,
Amid the Broom he baſk'd him on the Ground,
Where the wild Thyme and Camomil are found:
There would he linger, till the lateſt Ray
Of Light ſat trembling on the Welkin's Bound:
Then homeward through the twilight Shadows ſtray,
Sauntring and ſlow. So had he paſſed many a Day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtleſs Slumber were they paſt:
For oft the heavenly Fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the ſleeping Embers, mounted faſt,
And all its native Light anew reveal'd;
Oft as he travers'd the Cerulean Field,
And mark'd the Clouds that drove before the Wind,
Ten thouſand glorious Syſtems would he build,
Ten thouſand great Ideas fill'd his Mind;
But with the Clouds they fled, and left no Tract behind.

LX.

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LX.

With him was ſometimes join'd, in ſilent Walk,
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted Talk:
Oft, ſtung by Spleen, at once away he broke,
To Groves of Pine, and broad o'erſhadowing Oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himſelf his penſive Fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd Word, ſave when firſt ſhone
The glittering Star of Eve—"Thank Heaven! the Day is done."

LXI.

Here lurk'd a Wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty Years, ne Face of Mortal ſeen;
In Chamber brooding like a loathly Toad,
And ſure his Linnen was not very clean;
Through ſecret Loop-Hole, that had practis'd been
Near to his Bed, his Dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of ſqualid Face and Mein,
Our Caſtle's ſhame! whence, from his filthy Nook,
We drove the Villain out for fitter Lair to look.

LXII.

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LXII.

One Day there chaunc'd into theſe Halls to rove
A joyous Youth, who took you at firſt Sight;
Him the wild Wave of Pleaſure hither drove,
Before the ſprightly Tempeſt toſſing light:
Certes, he was a moſt engaging Wight,
Of ſocial Glee, and Wit humane though keen,
Turning the Night to Day and Day to Night;
For him the merry Bells had rung, I ween,
If in this Nook of Quiet Bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not even Pleaſure to Exceſs is good,
What moſt elates then ſinks the Soul as low;
When Spring-Tide Joy pours in with copious Flood,
The higher ſtill th' exulting Billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary Shore:
Taught by this Son of Joy, we found it ſo;
Who, whilſt he ſtaid, kept in a gay Uproar
Our madden'd Caſtle all, th' Abode of Sleep no more.

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LXIV.

As when in Prime of June a burniſh'd Fly,
Sprung from the Meads, o'er which he ſweeps along,
Chear'd by the breathing Bloom and vital Sky,
Tunes up amid theſe airy Halls his Song,
Soothing at firſt the gay repoſing Throng:
And oft he ſips their Bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their Beds among,
And ſcares their tender Sleep, with Trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy Round.

LXV.

Another Gueſt there was, of Senſe refin'd,
Who felt each Worth, for every Worth he had;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his Mind,
As little touch'd as any Man's with Bad:
Him through their inmoſt Walks the Muſes lad,
To him the ſacred Love of Nature lent,
And ſometimes would he make our Valley glad;
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better Sort this friendly Meſſage ſent.

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LXVI.

" Come, dwell with us! true Son of Virtue, come!
" But if, alas! we cannot Thee perſuade,
" To lie content beneath our peaceful Dome,
" Ne ever more to quit our quiet Glade;
" Yet when at laſt thy Toils, but ill apaid,
" Shall dead thy Fire, and damp its Heavenly Spark,
" Thou wilt be glad to ſeek the rural Shade,
" There to indulge the Muſe, and Nature mark:
" We then a Lodge for Thee will rear in HAGLEY-PARK."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' ESOPUS of the Age;
But call'd by Fame, in Soul ypricked deep,
A noble Pride reſtor'd him to the Stage,
And rous'd him like a Gyant from his Sleep.
Even from his Slumbers we Advantage reap:
With double Force th' enliven'd Scene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's Bounds. He knows to keep
Each due Decorum: Now the Heart he ſhakes,
And now with well-urg'd Senſe th'enlighten'd Judgment takes.

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LXVIII.

A Bard here dwelt, more fat than Bard beſeems;
* Who void of Envy, Guile, and Luſt of Gain,
On Virtue ſtill, and Nature's pleaſing Themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated Strain,
The World forſaking with a calm Diſdain:
Here laugh'd he careleſs in his eaſy Seat,
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous Train;
Oft moralizing ſage; his ditty ſweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft by Holy Feet our Ground was trod,
Of Clerks good Plenty here you mote eſpy.
A little, round, fat, oily Man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the Fry:
He had a roguiſh Twinkle in his Eye,
And ſhone all glittering with ungodly Dew,
If a tight Damſel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when obſerv'd, he ſhrunk into his Mew,
And ſtrait would recollect his Piety anew.

* *The following Lines of this Stanza were writ by a Friend of the Author.*

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LXX.

Nor be forgot a Tribe, who minded Nought
(Old Inmates of the Place) but State-Affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their Brow ſat every Nation's Cares.
The World by them is parcel'd out in Shares,
When in the *Hall of Smoak* they Congreſs hold,
And the ſage Berry ſun-burnt *Mocha* bears
Has clear'd their inward Eye: then, ſmoak-enroll'd,
Their Oracles break forth myſterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd Court:
Bevies of dainty Dames, of high Degree,
From every Quarter hither made Reſort;
Where, from groſs mortal Care and Buſineſs free,
They lay, pour'd out in Eaſe and Luxury.
Or ſhould they a vain Shew of Work aſſume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twiſt, to range the vernal Bloom;
But far is caſt the Diſtaff, Spinning-Wheel, and Loom.

LXXII.

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LXXII.

Their only Labour was to kill the Time;
And Labour dire it is, and weary Woe.
They ſit, they loll, turn o'er ſome idle Rhyme;
Then, riſing ſudden, to the Glaſs they go,
Or ſaunter forth, with tottering Step and ſlow:
This ſoon too rude an Exerciſe they find;
Strait on the Couch their Limbs again they throw,
Where Hours on Hours they ſighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury God ſoft-breathing in the Wind.

LXXIII.

Now muſt I mark the Villainy we found,
But ah! too late, as ſhall eſtſoons be ſhewn.
A Place here was, deep, dreary, under Ground;
Where ſtill our Inmates, when unpleaſing grown,
Diſeas'd, and loathſome, privily were thrown.
Far from the Light of Heaven, they languiſh'd there,
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter Groan;
For of theſe Wretches taken was no Care:
Fierce Fiends, and Hags of Hell, their only Nurſes were.

LXXIV.

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LXXIV.

Alas! the Change! from Scenes of Joy and Reſt,
To this dark Den, where Sickneſs toſs'd alway.
Here *Lethargy*, with deadly Sleep oppreſt,
Stretch'd on his Back a mighty Lubbard lay,
Heaving his Sides, and ſnored Night and Day;
To ſtir him from his Traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd Eyne he ſhut ſtrait way:
He led, I wot, the ſofteſt Way to Death,
And taught withouten Pain and Strife to yield the Breath.

LXXV.

Of Limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft-ſwoln and pale, here lay the *Hydropſy:*
Unwieldy Man! with Belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery Supply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry.
And here a moping Myſtery did ſit,
Mother of Spleen, in Robes of various Dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly Fit;
And ſome Her frantic deem'd, and ſome Her deem'd a Wit.

LXXVI.

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LXXVI.

A Lady proud ſhe was, of ancient Blood,
Yet oft her Fear her Pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering Mood,
All the Diſeaſes which the Spittles know,
And ſought all Phyſick which the Shops beſtow,
And ſtill new Leaches and new Drugs would try,
Her Humour ever wavering to and fro;
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes cry,
Then ſudden waxed wroth, and all ſhe knew not why.

LXXVII.

Faſt by her Side a liſtleſs Maiden pin'd,
With aching Head, and ſqueamiſh Heart-Burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate Mankind,
Yet lov'd in Secret all forbidden Things.
And here the *Tertian* ſhakes his chilling Wings;
The ſleepleſs *Gout* here counts the crowing Cocks,
A Wolf now gnaws him, now a Serpent ſtings;
Whilſt *Apoplexy* cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the Ground at once, as Butcher felleth Ox.

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CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Induſtry,
And his Atchievements fair;
That, by this Caſtle's Overthrow,
Secur'd, and crowned were.

I.

ESCAP'D the Caſtle of the Sire of Sin,
Ah! where ſhall I ſo ſweet a Dwelling find?
For all around without, and all within,
Nothing ſave what delightful was and kind,
Of Goodneſs ſavouring and a tender Mind,
E'er roſe to View. But now another Strain,
Of doleful Note, alas! remains behind:
I now muſt ſing of Pleaſure turn'd to Pain,
And of the falſe Inchanter INDOLENCE complain.

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II.

Is there no Patron to protect the Muſe,
And fence for Her *Parnaſſus'* barren Soil?
To every Labour its Reward accrues,
And they are ſure of Bread who ſwink and moil;
But a fell Tribe *th' Aonian Hive* deſpoil,
As ruthleſs Waſps oft rob the painful Bee:
Thus while the Laws not guard that nobleſt Toil,
Ne for the Muſes other Meed decree,
They praiſed are alone, and ſtarve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's Grace;
You cannot ſhut the Windows of the Sky,
Through which *Aurora* ſhews her brightening Face;
You cannot bar my conſtant Feet to trace
The Woods and Lawns, by living Stream, at Eve:
Let Health my Nerves and finer Fibres brace,
And I their Toys to the *great Children* leave;
Of Fancy, Reaſon, Virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

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IV.

Come then, my Muſe, and raiſe a bolder Song;
Come, lig no more upon the Bed of Sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid Line along,
Fond to begin but ſtill to finiſh loth,
Thy half-writ Scrolls all eaten by the Moth:
Ariſe, and ſing that generous Imp of Fame,
Who with the Sons of Softneſs nobly wroth,
To ſweep away this Human Lumber came,
Or in a choſen Few to rouſe the ſlumbering Flame.

V.

In *Fairy-Land* there liv'd a Knight of old,
Of Feature ſtern, *Selvaggio* well yclep'd,
A rough unpoliſh'd Man, robuſt and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither ſow'd nor reap'd,
Ne Stores in Summer for cold Winter heap'd;
In Hunting all his Days away he wore;
Now ſcorch'd by June, now in November ſteep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January ſore,
He ſtill in Woods purſu'd the Libbard and the Boar.

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VI.

As he one Morning, long before the Dawn,
Prick'd through the Foreſt to diſlodge his Prey,
Deep in the winding Boſom of a Lawn,
With Wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a Taper's Ray,
That from the beating Rain, and wintry Fray,
Did to a lonely Cott his Steps decoy;
There, up to earn the Needments of the Day,
He found Dame *Poverty*, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compreſs'd, and fill'd Her with a luſty Boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood Shade this Boy was bred,
And grew at laſt a Knight of muchel Fame,
Of active Mind and vigorous Luſtyhed,
THE KNIGHT OF ARTS AND INDUSTRY by Name.
Earth was his Bed, the Boughs his Roof did frame;
He knew no Beverage but the flowing Stream;
His taſteful well-earn'd Food the ſilvan Game,
Or the brown Fruit with which the Wood-Lands teem:
The ſame to him glad Summer or the Winter breme.

VIII.

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VIII.

So paſs'd his youthly Morning, void of Care,
Wild as the Colts that through the Commons run:
For him no tender Parents troubled were,
He of the Foreſt ſeem'd to be the Son,
And certes had been utterly undone;
But that *Minerva* Pity of him took,
With all the Gods that love the Rural Wonne,
That teach to tame the Soil and rule the Crook;
Ne did the ſacred Nine diſdain a gentle Look.

IX.

Of fertile Genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every Science and in every Art,
By which Mankind the thoughtleſs Brutes excel,
That can or Uſe, or Joy, or Grace impart,
Diſcloſing all the Powers of Head and Heart.
Ne were the goodly Exerciſes ſpar'd,
That brace the Nerves, or make the Limbs alert,
And mix elaſtic Force with Firmneſs hard:
Was never Knight on Ground mote be with him compar'd.

X.

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X.

Sometimes, with early Morn, he mounted gay
The Hunter-ſteed, exulting o'er the Dale,
And drew the roſeat Breath of orient Day;
Sometimes, retiring to the ſecret Vale,
Yclad in Steel and bright with burniſh'd Mail,
He ſtrain'd the Bow, or toſs'd the ſounding Spear,
Or darting on the Goal outſtrip'd the Gale,
Or wheel'd the Chariot in its Mid-Career,
Or ſtrenuous wreſtled hard with many a tough Compeer.

XI.

At other Times he pry'd through Nature's Store,
Whate'er ſhe in th' Etherial Round contains,
Whate'er ſhe hides beneath her verdant Floor,
The vegetable and the mineral Reigns;
Or elſe he ſcann'd the *Globe*, thoſe ſmall Domains,
Where reſtleſs Mortals ſuch a Turmoil keep,
Its Seas, its Floods, its Mountains, and its Plains;
But more he ſearch'd the Mind, and rous'd from Sleep
Thoſe moral Seeds whence we heroic Actions reap.

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XII.

Nor would he ſcorn to ſtoop from high Purſuits
Of heavenly Truth, and practiſe what ſhe taught.
Vain is the Tree of Knowlege without Fruits.
Sometimes in Hand the Spade or Plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon Earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the ſtrong mechanic Tool,
Or rear'd the Fabrick from the fineſt Draught;
And oft he put himſelf to *Neptune*'s School,
Fighting with Winds and Waves on the vext Ocean Pool.

XIII.

To ſolace then theſe rougher Toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling Canvaſs into Life;
With Nature his creating Pencil vy'd,
With Nature joyous at the mimic Strife:
Or, to ſuch Shapes as grac'd *Pygmalion*'s Wife,
He hew'd the Marble; or, with vary'd Fire,
He rous'd the Trumpet and the martial Fife,
Or bad the Lute ſweet Tenderneſs inſpire,
Or Verſes fram'd that well might wake *Apollo*'s Lyre.

XIV.

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XIV.

Accompliſh'd thus he from the Woods iſſu'd,
Full of great Aims, and bent on bold Emprize;
The Work, which long he in his Breaſt had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did deviſe;
To-wit, a barbarous World to civilize.
Earth was till Then a boundleſs Foreſt wild;
Nought to be ſeen but ſavage Wood, and Skies;
No Cities nouriſh'd Arts, no Culture ſmil'd,
No Government, no Laws, no gentle Manners mild.

XV.

A rugged Wight, the Worſt of Brutes, was Man:
On his own wretched Kind he, ruthleſs, prey'd;
The Strongeſt ſtill the Weakeſt over-ran;
In every Country mighty Robbers ſway'd,
And Guile and ruffian Force were all their Trade.
Life was not Life, but Rapine, Want, and Woe;
Which this brave Knight, in noble Anger, made
To ſwear, he would the raſcal Rout o'erthrow,
For, by the Powers Divine, it ſhould no more be ſo!

XVI.

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XVI.

It would exceed the Purport of my Song,
To ſay how this *beſt Sun*, from orient Climes,
Came beaming Life and Beauty all along,
Before him chaſing Indolence and Crimes.
Still as he paſs'd, the Nations he ſublimes,
And calls forth Arts and Virtue with his Ray:
Then *Egypt*, *Greece* and *Rome* their Golden Times,
Succeſſive, had; but now in Ruins grey
They lie, to ſlaviſh Sloth and Tyranny a Prey.

XVII.

To crown his Toils, SIR INDUSTRY then ſpred
The ſwelling Sail, and made for BRITAIN's Coaſt.
A Sylvan Life till Then the Natives led,
In the brown Shades and green-wood Foreſt loſt,
All careleſs rambling where it lik'd them moſt:
Their Wealth the Wild-Deer bouncing through the Glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at Nature's Coſt;
Save Spear, and Bow, withouten other Aid,
Yet not the *Roman* Steel their naked Breaſt diſmay'd.

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XVIII.

He lik'd the Soil, he lik'd the clement Skies,
He lik'd the verdant Hills and flowery Plains.
Be This my great my choſen Iſle (he cries)
This, whilſt my Labours LIBERTY ſuſtains,
This Queen of Ocean all Aſſault diſdains.
Nor lik'd he leſs the Genius of the Land,
To Freedom apt and perſevering Pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming HEAVEN with kindeſt firmeſt Hand.

XIX.

Here, by Degrees, his Maſter-Work aroſe,
Whatever Arts and Induſtry can frame:
Whatever finiſh'd Agriculture knows,
Fair Queen of Arts! from Heaven itſelf who came,
When *Eden* flouriſh'd in unſpotted Fame:
And ſtill with Her ſweet Innocence we find,
And tender Peace, and Joys without a Name,
That, while they rapture, tranquillize the Mind;
Nature and Art at once, Delight and Uſe combin'd.

XX.

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XX.

Then Towns he quicken'd by mechanic Arts,
And bade the fervent City glow with Toil;
Bade ſocial Commerce raiſe renowned Marts,
Join Land to Land, and marry Soil to Soil,
Unite the Poles, and without bloody Spoil
Bring home of either *Ind* the gorgeous Stores;
Or, ſhould Deſpotic Rage the World embroil,
Bade Tyrants tremble on remoteſt Shores,
While o'er th'encircling Deep BRITANNIA'S Thunder roars.

XXI.

The drooping Muſes then he weſtward call'd,
From the fam'd City * by *Propontis* Sea,
What Time the *Turk* th'enfeebled *Grecian* thrall'd;
Thence from their cloiſter'd Walks he ſet them free,
And brought them to another *Caſtalie:*
Where *Iſis* many a famous Nourſling breeds;
Or where old *Cam* ſoft-paces o'er the Lea,
In penſive Mood, and tunes his *Doric* Reeds,
The whilſt his Flocks at large the lonely Shepherd feeds.

* *Conſtantinople.*

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XXII.

Yet the fine Arts were what he finish'd leaſt.
For why? They are the Quinteſſence of All,
The Growth of labouring Time, and ſlow increaſt;
Unleſs, as ſeldom chances, it ſhould fall,
That mighty Patrons the coy Siſters call
Up to the Sun-ſhine of uncumber'd Eaſe,
Where no rude Care the mounting Thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but pleaſe:
Ah, gracious God! thou know'ſt they aſk no other Fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in Time:
Our Patrons now even grudge that little Claim,
Except to ſuch as ſeek the ſoothing Rhyme;
And yet, forſooth, they wear MÆCENAS' Name,
Poor Sons of puft-up Vanity, not Fame!
Unbroken Spirits, chear! ſtill, ſtill remains
Th' *Eternal Patron*, LIBERTY; whoſe Flame,
While ſhe protects, inſpires the nobleſt Strains.
The beſt, and ſweeteſt far, are Toil-created Gains.

XXIV.

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XXIV.

Whenas the Knight had fram'd, in BRITAIN-LAND,
A matchleſs Form of glorious Government;
In which the ſovereign Laws alone command,
Laws ſtabliſh'd by the public free Conſent,
Whoſe Majeſty is to the Sceptre lent:
When this great Plan, with each dependent Art,
Was ſettled firm, and to his Heart's Content,
Then ſought he from the toilſome Scene to part,
And let Life's vacant Eve breathe Quiet through the Heart.

XXV.

For This he choſe a Farm in *Deva's* Vale,
Where his long Alleys peep'd upon the Main.
In this calm Seat he drew the healthful Gale,
Commix'd the Chief, the Patriot, and the Swain,
The happy Monarch of his Sylvan Train!
Here, ſided by the Guardians of the Fold,
He walk'd his Rounds, and chear'd his bleſt Domain;
His Days, the Days of unſtain'd Nature, roll'd,
Replete with Peace and Joy, like Patriarch's of old.

XXVI.

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XXVI.

Witneſs, ye lowing Herds, who lent him Milk;
Witneſs, ye Flocks, whoſe woolly Veſtments far
Exceed ſoft *India*'s Cotton, or her Silk;
Witneſs, with Autumn charg'd, the nodding Car,
That homeward came beneath ſweet Evening's Star,
Or of ſeptember-Moons the Radiance mild.
O hide thy Head, abominable War!
Of Crimes and ruffian Idleneſs the Child!
From Heaven this Life yſprung, from Hell thy Glories vild!

XXVII.

Nor, from his deep Retirement, baniſh'd was
Th' amuſing Cares of Rural Induſtry.
Still, as with grateful Change the Seaſons paſs,
New Scenes ariſe, new Landſkips ſtrike the Eye,
And all th' enliven'd Country beautify:
Gay Plains extend where Marſhes ſlept before;
O'er recent Meads th' exulting Streamlets fly;
Dark frowning Heaths grow bright with Ceres' ſtore,
And Woods imbrown the Steep, or wave along the Shore.

XXVIII.

Digitized by Google.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his Farm you made Approach,
He poliſh'd Nature with a finer Hand:
Yet on her Beauties durſt not Art incroach;
'Tis Art's alone theſe Beauties to expand.
In graceful Dance immingled, o'er the Land,
Pan, *Pales*, *Flora*, and *Pomona* play'd:
Even here, ſometimes, the rude wild Common fand
An happy Place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering Brakes each coyer Creature ſtray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime Vigour what can laſt for ay?
That ſoul-enfeebling Wizard INDOLENCE,
I whilom ſung, wrought in his Works decay:
Spred far and wide was his curs'd Influence;
Of Public Virtue much he dull'd the Senſe,
Even much of Private; eat our Spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious Vices; whence
The Land was overlaid with many a Lout;
Not, as old Fame reports, wiſe, generous, bold, and ſtout.

XXX.

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XXX.

A Rage of Pleasure maddened every Breast,
Down to the lowest Lees the Ferment ran:
To his licentious Wish Each must be blest,
With Joy be fever'd; snatch it as he can.
Thus *Vice* the Standard rear'd; her Arrier-Ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the Word.
"Mind, mind yourselves! Why should the vulgar Man,
"The Lacquey be more virtuous than his Lord?
"Enjoy this Span of Life! 'tis all the Gods afford."

XXXI.

The Tidings reach'd to Where in quiet Hall,
The good old Knight enjoy'd well-earn'd Repose.
"Come, come, Sir Knight! thy Children on thee call;
"Come, save us yet, ere Ruin round us close!
"The Demon INDOLENCE thy Toils o'erthrows."
On This the noble Colour stain'd his Cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening Snows
Of venerable Eld; his Eye full-speaks
His ardent Soul, and from his Couch at once he breaks.

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XXXII.

I will, (he cry'd) ſo help me, God! deſtroy
That Villain Archimage!—His Page then ſtrait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed Boy,
Benempt *Diſpatch.* " My Steed be at the Gate;
" My Bard attend; quick, bring the Net of Fate."
This Net was twiſted by the Siſters Three;
Which when once caſt o'er harden'd Wretch, too late
Repentance comes: Replevy cannot be
From the ſtrong iron Graſp of vengeful Deſtiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the Bard, a little Druid-Wight,
Of wither'd Aſpect; but his Eye was keen,
With Sweetneſs mix'd. In Ruſſet brown bedight,
As is his Siſter of the Copſes green,
He crept along, unpromiſing of Mien.
Groſs he who judges ſo. His Soul was fair,
Bright as the Children of yon Azure ſheen.
True Comelineſs, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the Mind: all elſe is Vanity and Glare.

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XXXIV.

Come! (quoth the Knight) a Voice has reach'd mine Ear,
The Demon INDOLENCE threats Overthrow
To All that to Mankind is good and dear:
Come, PHILOMELUS! let us inſtant go,
O'erturn his Bowers, and lay his Caſtle low!
Thoſe Men, thoſe wretched Men! who *will* be Slaves,
Muſt drink a bitter wrathful Cup of Woe:
But ſome there be, thy Song, as from their Graves,
Shall raiſe. Thrice happy he! who without Rigour ſaves.

XXXV.

Iſſuing forth, the Knight beſtrode his Steed,
Of ardent Bay, and on whoſe Front a Star
Shone blazing bright: Sprung from the generous Breed
That whirl of active Day the rapid Car,
He pranc'd along, diſdaining Gate or Bar.
Meantime, the Bard on milk-white Palfrey rode;
An honeſt ſober Beaſt, that did not mar
His Meditations, but full ſoftly trode:
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

XXXVI.

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XXXVI.

They talk'd of Virtue, and of Human Bliſs.
What elſe ſo fit for Man to ſettle well?
And ſtill their long Reſearches met in This,
This *Truth of Truths*, which nothing can refel:
" From Virtue's Fount the pureſt Joys out-well,
" Sweet Rills of Thought that chear the conſcious Soul;
" While Vice pours forth the troubled Streams of Hell,
" The which, howe'er diſguis'd, at laſt with Dole
" Will through the tortur'd Breaſt their fiery Torrent roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal Valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd Hills their Summits rear.
On the cool Height awhile our Palmers ſtay,
And ſpite even of themſelves their Senſes chear;
Then to the Wizard's Wonne their Steps they ſteer.
Like a green Iſle, it broad beneath them ſpred,
With Gardens round, and wandering Currents clear,
And tufted Groves to ſhade the Meadow-Bed,
Sweet Airs and Song; and without Hurry all ſeem'd glad.

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XXXVIII.

" As God ſhall judge me, Knight, we muſt forgive
(The half-enraptur'd PHILOMELUS cry'd)
" The frail good Man deluded here to live,
" And in theſe Groves his muſing Fancy hide.
" Ah, Nought is pure! It cannot be deny'd,
" That Virtue ſtill ſome Tincture has of Vice,
" And Vice of Virtue. What ſhould then betide,
" But that our Charity be not too nice?
" Come, let us Thoſe we can to real Bliſs entice.

XXXIX.

" Ay, ſicker, (quoth the Knight) all Fleſh is frail,
" To pleaſant Sin and joyous Dalliance bent;
" But let not brutiſh Vice of This avail,
" And think to ſcape deſerved Puniſhment.
" *Juſtice* were cruel weakly to relent;
" From *Mercy*'s Self ſhe got her ſacred Glaive:
" Grace be to Thoſe who can, and will, repent;
"But Penance long, and dreary, to the Slave,
" Who muſt in Floods of Fire his groſs foul Spirit lave.

XL.

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XL.

Thus, holding high Diſcourſe, they came to Where
The curſed Carle was at his wonted Trade;
Still tempting heedleſs Men into his Snare,
In witching Wiſe, as I before have ſaid.
But when he ſaw, in goodly Geer array'd,
The grave majeſtic Knight approaching nigh,
And by his Side the Bard ſo ſage and ſtaid,
His Countenance fell; yet oft his anxious Eye
Mark'd them, like wily Fox who rooſted Cock doth ſpy.

XLI.

Nathleſs, with feign'd Reſpect, he bade give back
The Rabble-Rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble Twain, they were not ſlack
His Orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he reſum'd his Song; and, unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his Muſic, ran through all his Strings:
With magic Duſt their Eyne he tries to blind,
And Virtue's tender Airs o'er Weakneſs flings.
What Pity baſe his Song who ſo divinely ſings!

XLII.

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XLII.

Elate in Thought, he counted them his own,
They liſten'd ſo intent with fix'd Delight:
But they inſtead, as if tranſmew'd to Stone,
Marvel'd he could, with ſuch ſweet Art, unite
The Lights and Shades of Manners, Wrong and Right.
Mean time, the ſilly Croud the Charm devour,
Wide-preſſing to the Gate. Swift, on the Knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his Bower,
Who backning ſhun'd his Touch, for well he knew its Power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd Amphitheatre, of old,
The wary * *Retiarius* trap'd his Foe;
Even ſo the Knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the *Net of Woe*,
Whereof I Mention made not long ago.
Inrag'd at firſt, he ſcorn'd ſo weak a Jail,
And leap'd, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He ſat him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter Nail.

XLIV.

* *A Gladiator, who made uſe of a Net, which he threw over his Adverſary.*

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XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior Demons of the Place
Rais'd rueful Shricks and hideous Yells around;
Black ruptur'd Clouds deform'd the Welkin's Face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing Sound,
As of Infernal Sprights in Cavern bound;
A ſolemn Sadneſs every Creature ſtrook,
And Lightnings flaſh'd, and Horror rock'd the Ground:
Huge Crouds on Crouds out-pour'd, with blemiſh'd Look,
As if on Time's laſt Verge this Frame of Things had ſhook.

XLV.

Soon as the ſhort-liv'd Tempeſt was yſpent,
Steam'd from the Jaws of vext Avernus' Hole,
And huſh'd the Hubbub of the Rabblement,
SIR INDUSTRY the firſt calm Moment ſtole.
"There muſt, (he cry'd) amid ſo vaſt a Shoal,
"Be Some who are not tainted at the Heart,
"Not poiſon'd quite by this ſame Villain's Bowl:
"Come then, my Bard, thy heavenly Fire impart;
"Touch Soul with Soul, till forth the latent Spirit ſtart.

XLVI.

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XLVI.

The Bard obey'd; and taking from his Side,
Where it in ſeemly Sort depending hung,
His *Britiſh* Harp, its ſpeaking Strings he try'd,
The which with ſkilful Touch he deftly ſtrung,
Till tinkling in clear Symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muſes come along,
Light o'er the Chords his raptur'd Hand he flung,
And play'd a Prelude to his riſing Song:
The whilſt, like Midnight mute, ten Thouſands round him throng.

XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burſt his Strain.
"Ye hapleſs Race,
"Dire-labouring here to ſmother Reaſon's Ray,
"That lights our Maker's Image in our Face,
"And gives us wide o'er Earth unqueſtion'd Sway;
"What is TH' ADOR'D SUPREME PERFECTION, ſay?
"What, but eternal never-reſting Soul,
"Almighty Power, and all-directing Day;
"By whom each Atom ſtirs, the Planets roll;
"Who fills, ſurrounds, informs, and agitates the Whole?

XLVIII.

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XLVIII.

" Come, to the beaming GOD your Hearts unfold!
" Draw from its Fountain Life! 'Tis thence, alone,
" We can excel. Up from unfeeling Mold,
" To Seraphs burning round th'ALMIGHTY's Throne,
" Life riſing ſtill on Life, in higher Tone,
" Perfection forms, and with Perfection Bliſs.
" In Univerſal Nature This clear ſhewn,
" Not needeth Proof: To prove it were, I wis,
" To prove the beauteous World excels the brute Abyſs.

XLIX.

" Is not the Field, with lively Culture green,
" A Sight more joyous than the dead Moraſs?
" Do not the Skies, with active Ether clean,
" And fan'd by ſprightly Zephirs, far ſurpaſs
" The foul November-Fogs, and ſlumbrous Maſs,
" With which ſad Nature veils her drooping Face?
" Does not the Mountain-Stream, as clear as Glaſs,
" Gay-dancing on, the putrid Pool diſgrace?
" The ſame in All holds true, but chief in Human Race.

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L.

" It was not by vile Loitering in Eaſe,
" That GREECE obtain'd the brighter Palm of Art,
" That ſoft yet ardent ATHENS learn'd to pleaſe,
" To keen the Wit, and to ſublime the Heart,
" In all ſupreme! compleat in every Part!
" It was not thence majeſtic ROME aroſe,
" And o'er the Nations ſhook her conquering Dart:
" For Sluggard's Brow the Laurel never grows;
" Renown is not the Child of indolent Repoſe.

LI.

" Had unambitious Mortals minded Nought,
" But in looſe Joy their Time to wear away;
" Had they alone the Lap of Dalliance ſought,
" Pleas'd on her Pillow their dull Heads to lay:
" Rude Nature's State had been our State To-day;
" No Cities e'er their towery Fronts had rais'd,
" No Arts had made us opulent and gay;
" With Brother-Brutes the Human Race had graz'd;
" None e'er had ſoar'd to Fame, None honour'd been, None prais'd.

LII.

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LII.

" Great HOMER's Song had never fir'd the Breaſt,
" To Thirſt of Glory, and heroic Deeds;
" Sweet MARO's Muſe, ſunk in inglorious Reſt,
" Had ſilent ſlept amid the *Mincian* Reeds:
" The Wits of modern Time had told their Beads,
" And monkiſh Legends been their only Strains;
" Our MILTON's *Eden* had lain wrapt in Weeds,
" Our SHAKESPEAR ſtroll'd and laugh'd with *Warwick* Swains,
" Ne had my Maſter SPENSER charm'd his *Mulla*'s Plains.

LIII.

" Dumb too had been the ſage Hiſtoric Muſe,
" And periſh'd all the Sons of antient Fame;
" Thoſe ſtarry Lights of Virtue, that diffuſe
" Through the dark Depth of Time their vivid Flame,
" Had All been loſt with Such as have no Name.
" Who then had ſcorn'd his Eaſe for others' Good?
" Who then had toil'd rapacious Men to tame?
" Who in the Public Breach devoted ſtood,
" And for his Country's Cauſe been prodigal of Blood?

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LIV.

" But ſhould to Fame your Hearts impervious be,
" If right I read, you Pleaſure All require:
" Then hear how beſt may be obtain'd this Fee,
" How beſt enjoy'd this Nature's wide Deſire.
" Toil, and be glad! Let Induſtry inſpire
" Into your quicken'd Limbs her buoyant Breath!
" Who does not act is dead; abſorpt intire
" In miry Sloth, no Pride no Joy he hath:
" O Leaden-hearted Men, to be in Love with Death!

LV.

" Better the toiling Swain, oh happier far!
" Perhaps the happieſt of the Sons of Men!
" Who vigorous plies the Plough, the Team, or Car;
" Who houghs the Field, or ditches in the Glen,
" Delves in his Garden, or ſecures his Pen:
" The Tooth of Avarice poiſons not his Peace;
" He toſſes not in Sloth's abhorred Den;
" From Vanity he has a full Releaſe;
" And, rich in Nature's Wealth, he thinks not of Increaſe.

LVI.

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LVI.

" Good Lord! how keen are his Senſations all!
" His Bread is ſweeter than the Glutton's Cates;
" The Wines of *France* upon the Palate pall,
" Compar'd with What his ſimple Soul elates,
" The native Cup whoſe Flavour Thirſt creates;
" At one deep Draught of Sleep he takes the Night;
" And for that Heart-felt Joy which Nothing mates,
" Of the pure nuptial Bed the chaſte Delight,
" The Loſel is to him a miſerable Wight.

LVII.

" But what avail the largeſt Gifts of HEAVEN,
" When ſickening Health and Spirits go amiſs?
" How taſteleſs then Whatever can be given?
" Health is the vital Principle of Bliſs,
" And Exerciſe of Health. In Proof of This,
" Behold the Wretch, who ſlugs his Life away,
" Soon ſwallow'd in Diſeaſe's ſad Abyſs;
" While he whom Toil has brac'd, or manly Play,
" Has light as Air each Limb, each Thought as clear as Day.

LVIII.

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LVIII.

" O who can ſpeak the vigorous Joys of Health!
" Unclogg'd the Body, unobſcur'd the Mind:
" The Morning raiſes gay; with pleaſing Stealth,
" The temperate Evening falls ſerene and kind.
" In Health the wiſer Brutes true Gladneſs find.
" See! how the Younglings friſk along the Meads,
" As May comes on, and wakes the balmy Wind;
" Rampant with Life, their Joy all Joy exceeds:
" Yet what ſave high-ſtrung Health this dancing Pleaſaunce breeds?

LIX.

" But here, inſtead, is foſter'd every Ill,
" Which or diſtemper'd Minds or Bodies know.
" Come then, my kindred Spirits! do not ſpill
" Your Talents here. This Place is but a Shew,
" Whoſe Charms delude you to the Den of Woe:
" Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
" Where Pleaſure's Roſes, void of Serpents, grow,
" Sincere as ſweet; come, follow this good Knight,
" And you will bleſs the Day that brought him to your Sight.

LX.

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LX.

" Some he will lead to Courts, and Some to Camps;
" To Senates Some, and public ſage Debates,
" Where, by the ſolemn Gleam of Midnight-Lamps,
" The World is pois'd, and manag'd mighty States;
" To high Diſcovery Some, that new-creates
" The Face of Earth; Some to the thriving Mart;
" Some to the Rural Reign, and ſofter Fates;
" To the ſweet Muſes Some, who raiſe the Heart:
" All Glory ſhall be yours, all Nature, and all Art!

LXI.

" There are, I ſee, who liſten to my Lay,
" Who wretched ſigh for Virtue, but deſpair.
" All may be done, (methinks I hear them ſay)
" Even Death deſpis'd by generous Actions fair;
" All, but for Thoſe who to theſe Bowers repair,
" Their every Power diſſolv'd in Luxury,
" To quit of torpid Sluggiſhneſs the Lair,
" And from the powerful Arms of Sloth get free.
" 'Tis riſing from the Dead — Alas! — It cannot be!

LXII.

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LXII.

" Would you then learn to diſſipate the Band
" Of theſe huge threatning Difficulties dire,
" That in the weak Man's Way like Lions ſtand,
" His Soul appall, and damp his riſing Fire?
" Reſolve! reſolve! and to be Men aſpire!
" Exert that nobleſt Priviledge, alone,
" Here to Mankind indulg'd: controul Deſire;
" Let Godlike Reaſon, from her ſovereign Throne,
" Speak the commanding Word—*I will!*— and it is done.

LXIII.

" Heavens! can you then thus waſte, in ſhameful wiſe,
" Your few important Days of Tryal here?
" Heirs of Eternity! yborn to riſe
" Through endleſs States of Being, ſtill more near
" To Bliſs approaching, and Perfection clear,
" Can you renounce a Fortune ſo ſublime,
" Such glorious Hopes, your backward Steps to ſteer,
" And roll, with vileſt Brutes, through Mud and Slime?
" No! No!---Your Heaven-touch'd Hearts diſdain the piteous Crime!"

LXIV.

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LXIV.

" Enough! enough! they cry'd "---Strait, from the Croud,
The better Sort on Wings of Tranſport fly.
As when amid the lifeleſs Summits proud
Of *Alpine* Cliffs, where to the gelid Sky
Snows pil'd on Snows in wintry Torpor lie,
The Rays divine of vernal *Phœbus* play;
Th' awaken'd Heaps, in Streamlets from on high,
Rous'd into Action, lively leap away,
Glad-warbling through the Vales, in their new Being gay.

LXV.

Not leſs the Life, the vivid Joy ſerene,
That lighted up theſe new-created Men,
Than That which wings th'exulting Spirit clean,
When, juſt deliver'd from this fleſhly Den,
It ſoaring ſeeks its native Skies agen.
How light its Eſſence! how unclogg'd its Powers!
Beyond the Blazon of my mortal Pen:
Even ſo we glad forſook theſe ſinful Bowers,
Even ſuch enraptur'd Life, ſuch Energy was ours.

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LXVI.

But far the greater Part, with Rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd Curſes, and blaſphem'd high Jove.
" Ye Sons of Hate! (They bitterly exclaim'd)
" What brought you to this Seat of Peace and Love?
" While with kind Nature, here amid the Grove,
" We paſs'd the harmleſs Sabbath of our Time,
" What to diſturb it could, fell Men, emove
" Your barbarous Hearts? Is Happineſs a Crime?
" Then do the Fiends of Hell rule in yon Heaven ſublime.

LXVII.

" Ye impious Wretches! (quoth the Knight in Wrath)
" Your Happineſs behold!"—Then ſtrait a Wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic Power that hath,
Truth from illuſive Falſhood to command.
Sudden, the Landſkip ſinks on every Hand;
The pure quick Streams are marſhy Puddles found;
On baleful Heaths the Groves all blacken'd ſtand;
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred Ground,
Snakes, Adders, Toads, each loathly Creature crawls around.

LXVIII.

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LXVIII.

And here and there, on Trees by Lightning ſcath'd,
Unhappy Wights who loathed Life yhung;
Or, in freſh Gore and recent Murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or elſe, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy Flood, while Ravens ſung
The funeral Dirge, they down the Torrent rowl'd:
Theſe, by diſtemper'd Blood to Madneſs ſtung,
Had doom'd themſelves; whence oft, when Night controul'd
The World, returning hither their ſad Spirits howl'd.

LXIX.

Meantime a moving Scene was open laid.
That Lazar-Houſe, I whilom in my Lay
Depeinten have, its Horrors deep-diſplay'd,
And gave unnumber'd Wretches to the Day,
Who toſſing there in ſqualid Miſery lay.
Soon as of ſacred Light th' unwonted Smile
Pour'd on theſe living Catacombs its Ray,
Through the drear Caverns ſtretching many a Mile,
The Sick up-rais'd their Heads, and dropp'd their Woes awhile.

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LXX.

"O Heaven! (they cry'd) and do we once more ſee
"Yon bleſſed Sun, and this green Earth ſo fair?
"Are we from noiſome Damps of Peſt-Houſe free?
"And drink our Souls the ſweet ethereal Air?
"O Thou! or Knight, or God! who holdeſt there
"That Fiend, oh keep him in eternal Chains!
"But what for us, the Children of Deſpair,
"Brought to the Brink of Hell, what Hope remains?
"Repentance does itſelf but aggravate our Pains."

LXXI.

The gentle Knight, who ſaw their rueful Caſe,
Let fall adown his ſilver Beard ſome Tears.
"Certes (quoth he) it is not even in Grace,
"T' undo the Paſt, and eke your broken Years:
"Nathleſs, to nobler Worlds Repentance rears,
"With humble Hope, her Eye; to Her is given
"A Power the truly contrite Heart that chears;
"She quells the Brand by which the Rocks are riven;
"She more than merely ſoftens, ſhe rejoices HEAVEN.

LXXII.

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LXXII.

" Then patient bear the Sufferings you have earn'd,
" And by theſe Sufferings purify the Mind;
" Let Wiſdom be by paſt Miſconduct learn'd:
" Or pious die, with Penitence reſign'd;
" And to a Life more happy and refin'd,
" Doubt not, you ſhall, new Creatures, yet ariſe.
" Till Then, you may expect in me to find.
" One who will wipe your Sorrow from your Eyes,
" One who will ſoothe your Pangs, and wing you to the Skies."

LXXIII.

They ſilent heard, and pour'd their Thanks in Tears.
" For you (reſum'd the Knight with ſterner Tone)
" Whoſe hard dry Hearts th' obdurate Demon ſears,
" That Villain's Gifts will coſt you many a Groan;
" In dolorous Manſion long you muſt bemoan
" His fatal Charms, and weep your Stains away;
" Till, ſoft and pure as Infant-Goodneſs grown,
" You feel a perfect Change: then, who can ſay,
" What Grace may yet ſhine forth in Heaven's eternal Day?"

LXXIV.

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LXXIV.

This ſaid, his powerful Wand he way'd anew:
Inſtant, a glorious Angel-Train deſcends,
The Charities, to-wit, of roſy Hue;
Sweet Love their Looks a gentle Radiance lends,
And with ſeraphic Flame Compaſſion blends.
At once, delighted, to their Charge they fly:
When lo! a goodly Hoſpital aſcends;
In which they bade each human Aid be nigh,
That could the Sick-Bed ſmoothe of that unhappy Fry.

LXXV.

It was a worthy edifying Sight,
And gives to Human-Kind *peculiar* Grace,
To ſee kind Hands attending Day and Night,
With tender Miniſtry, from Place to Place.
Some prop the Head; ſome, from the pallid Face,
Wipe off the faint cold Dews weak Nature ſheds;
Some reach the healing Draught: the whilſt, to chaſe
The Fear ſupreme, around their ſoften'd Beds,
Some holy Man by Prayer all opening Heaven diſpreds.

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LXXVI.

Attended by a glad acclaiming Train,
Of thoſe he reſcu'd had from gaping Hell,
Then turn'd the Knight; and, to his Hall again
Soft-pacing, ſought of Peace the moſſy Cell:
Yet down his Cheeks the Gems of Pity fell,
To ſee the helpleſs Wretches that remain'd,
There left through Delves and Deſerts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their Looks with pale Diſmay were ſtain'd,
And ſpreading wide their Hands they meek Repentance feign'd.

LXXVII.

But ah! their ſcorned Day of Grace was paſt:
For (Horrible to tell!) a Deſert wild
Before them ſtretch'd, bare, comfortleſs, and vaſt;
With Gibbets, Bones, and Carcaſes defil'd.
There nor trim Field, nor lively Culture ſmil'd;
Nor waving Shade was ſeen, nor Fountain fair;
But Sands abrupt on Sands lay looſely pil'd,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful Care,
Whilſt *Phœbus* ſmote them ſore, and fir'd the cloudleſs Air.

LXXVIII.

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LXXVIII.

Then, varying to a joyleſs Land of Bogs,
The ſadden'd Country a grey Waſte appear'd;
Where Nought but putrid Steams and noiſome Fogs
For ever hung on drizzly *Auſter*'s Beard;
Or elſe the Ground by piercing *Caurus* ſear'd,
Was jagg'd with Froſt, or heap'd with glazed Snow:
Through theſe Extremes a ceaſeleſs Round they ſteer'd,
By cruel Fiends ſtill hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt *Beggary*, and *Scorn*, with many Hell-Hounds moe.

LXXIX.

The Firſt was with baſe dunghill Rags yclad,
Tainting the Gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid Hue his Features, ſunk, and ſad;
His hollow Eyne ſhook forth a ſickly Light;
And o'er his lank Jaw-Bone, in piteous Plight,
His black rough Beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to ſee! an Heart-appalling Sight!
Meantime foul Scurf and Blotches him defile;
And Dogs, where-e'er he went, ſtill barked all the While.

LXXX.

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LXXX.

The other was a fell deſpightful Fiend:
Hell holds none worſe in baleful Bower below;
By Pride, and Wit, and Rage, and Rancour, keen'd;
Of Man alike, if good or bad, the Foe:
With Noſe up-turn'd, he always made a Shew
As if he ſmelt ſome nauſeous Scent; his Eye
Was cold, and keen, like Blaſt from boreal Snow;
And Taunts he caſten forth moſt bitterly.
Such were the Twain that off drove this ungodly Fry.

LXXXI.

Even ſo through *Brentford* Town, a Town of Mud,
An Herd of briſly Swine is prick'd along;
The filthy Beaſts, that never chew the Cud,
Still grunt, and ſqueak, and ſing their troublous Song,
And oft they plunge themſelves the Mire among:
But ay the ruthleſs Driver goads them on,
And ay of barking Dogs the bitter Throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious Moan;
Ne ever find they Reſt from their unreſting Fone.

F I N I S.

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